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WOMAN'S LOVE.

Poets have sung, romancers have written, and philosophers have reasoned, since poetry and romance and philosophy have had being, of the depth, and truth, and devotion of that exquisite and precious thing called woman's love. And yet, though we have all reflected a little on the subject, we find it ever new, ever fresh, ever pleasant to think of. But what we despair of ever seeing realized is, to behold it widely and properly appreciated. Few men who enjoy the inestimable privilege of having one heart which knows no other idol on earth but them, which looks up with admiration, and confidence, and devotion to them, are though high enough to place at its lofty height so rare and pleasant a blessing. And yet, to be loved is the first joy of earth. But then, woman's love is made up of such a world of tenderness, of self-sacrifice, of devotion, of—let them pardon us for betraying it to the many—worship for the man of their heart; is composed of so many various and conflicting elements, that man in the ordinary hurry and bustle of life can scarcely find time to seize, learn and understand them. There are, however, two loves in woman; the maiden love, and the wife's love. The absorbing, fresh, and pure love of the maid requires more to feed it than does the wife, and hence she will rarely really love except it be some one whom she can look up to, whom she can respect, and whom at all events she believes to be superior to herself in intellect or general capacity. The love of the wife is more chastened, and made up in part of duty; hence will she pardon what the maiden never will; hence does she often stand by the meanest wretch when he has fallen from his original high estate, and become perhaps so vile, that all else despise and curse, save the only one whose love is, perhaps, even deeper still—his mother. It is an innate consciousness of this which makes the lover always put on his best behavior before his mistress, when he is sensible and wise, and which too often prompts the husband to be careless and thoughtless in his line of conduct.

Pierre Dupont was a Paris workman of the better class, that is to say, a young man with a fair amount of education, some let the experience of life, and, like most of his fellows, with no small opinion of himself. By trade he was a printer, and was employed in one of the offices of the Republican journals. When out of his apprenticeship, he began to work with assiduity and energy. Every day he was at his post, and at last the editors began to count upon him with certainty, for he really worked upon a Monday—a circumstance of very rare occurrence among the typographers. The consequence was evident. When of an evening he left off work, he would assume the garb of a gentlemen, with very nearly the manners, there being very little line of demarcation between an educated French workman, of studious habits, and the professional and literary men around them. They want some of the easy manners and the polished address; but even this many of them can assume with their black coats, white waist coats, and polished boots. Pierre Dupont was a fortunate man. In addition to his salary, he had a thousand francs annual income left him by his mother, so that he could with ease indulge in his two luxuries, books and good clothes.

When a little more than one-and twenty, Perrie began to feel lonely. His neat, well-furnished room appeared to want some one better able to keep it in order than himself; ideas connected with meals taken at home, flowers in his window, somebody to talk to and read to, floated through his brain, and, after some delay, took shape and form. For a wonder, the French workman of one-and twenty felt that he wanted a wife. He began at once, therefore, to look about him; he knew plenty of nice girls who would have been very happy to have been taken out of a Sunday, treated to a walk or a ride, but this did not alone suffice; he wanted an agreeable and intelligent companion, one who would please not only his eye, but his understanding, and he looked some time in vain. One evening, when coming home to dress, he noticed a young, pale, sad-looking girl coming down stairs, with a small basket of work on her arm. He made way for her and passed up, but his mind was quite full of the face he had just seen. It was a quiet, pretty face, which doubtless in health had been lively, but which now wore a look of care and sorrow. She was in deep mourning, too, which probably explained the origin of her woe-begone expression.

Pierre Dupont, when dressed, came once more down stairs, and when going by the door, asked his porter who the new lodger was.

"Ah! ah! my prince of lodgers," said the concierge, with a smile, "you allude to Mademoiselle here. I knew you would like your new lodger. Come in and speak to her; the poor child is sad, and has come down here, asking me in such a soft, sweet way to let her sit here, because she is lonely, that I cannot think of refusing."

"I hope Mademoiselle will pardon me," cried Perrie, in a state of considerable confusion, "but I thought you were not well—that is—"

"You are very kind, Monsieur," said the young girl, gently.

"Now, I tell you what, Mam'selle, Monsieur Pierre is my prince of lodgers, my Rodolphe, though I am no Madame Pipelot, a good, steady, honest young man. Do you see him there with his book? He is going down to sit on a bench in the Tuileries to read; now the air of the garden is certainly healthier than here, though my lodge is famous for its airy situation. If you will take my advice, you will just go out with him, and read and work until it is dusk, when a short walk will do you both good."

"If Mam'selle be not too unwell, I should be most happy to offer to read to her while she works."

"But I am afraid I should be intruding on Monsieur—"

"Bah!" cried the concierge, warmly; "allow me to be your good mother for the nonce. You are sad and he is dull—you are the very couple to enliven each other."

Both laughed heartily at this sally. Pierre offered his arm to Louise; she timidly accepted, and an acquaintance was thus unceremoniously made in the usual free-and-easy manner of our lively neighbors. They went to the garden of the Tuileries, Pierre made Louise sit down upon a chair, for which he paid the sum of two sous, or one penny British, and then began to read to her, with her hearty consent, one of the masterpieces of modern French literature, the Girondins of Alphonse de Lamartine. Louise scarcely listened at first, but presently her attention was drawn, and before half an hour she harkened with all her ears.

"But am I not tiring you?" she at length exclaimed, as Pierre ended a sentence.

"Oh, no! Mademoiselle, I could read for hours if I did not weary you."

"I never listened to anything with half so much pleasure in my life, said Louise, warmly."

"Indeed, then I will continue," replied Pierre, looking at her with intense satisfaction, half inclined to have added something to his speech. He restrained himself, however, and went on reading.

At length it grew too dark to read, and as Dupont closed his book, Louise put away her work, and rose from her chair. The young man offered her his arm, and turned away up the Champ Elysees. He asked her, by way of beginning the conversation, if she had been long in Paris. Louise, almost choked with tears, replied that she was born there; that her father, a thriving tradesman, had died when she was young, leaving only her behind with a widowed mother. Under her care, the business fell away, and when at last, two months ago, her mother died, she had no resource but to turn her talents as a clever needlewoman to account. She had some friends, once visitors at her father's table, who gave her work and promised to recommend her. Hitherto she had found ample employment, and hoped to continue to do so if health and strength were spared her.

"But you seem delicate, and scarcely able to labor sufficiently hard to suffice for your living," said Dupont, kindly.

"Oh, I am a strong and hearty girl by nature," replied Louise. "I nursed my dear mother, however, three months before she died, and fatigue and grief nearly killed me; but every day I get better."

"What shall you do to-morrow?" said Dupont.

"I do not know."

"Well, suppose we ask Madam Carotin our concierge, to go a day's pleasuring into the country."

Louise raised her head and looked at the young man. She was not used to hear of such consideration in workmen generally. She was a shrewd and clever girl, and she judged the young man at once.

"But why take Madame Carotin!" said she, with a faint attempt at a smile.

"Because, as you do not know me, perhaps you would not like to go out alone with me."

"I should have objected once, but I am a work girl now, and I must submit to the usages of my class. I have Madam Carotin's recommendation, you know, and if I am not intruding, I will go for a day in the country with you."

"Thank you, Mademoiselle," said Pierre Dupont, gratefully;" I shall, then, call you early. If it is a fine day, we shall find plenty of employment until night."

Louise thanked him very much, and at the lodge they parted, Mr. Pierre Dupont stopping below to speak with his concierge. The good woman spoke in rapturous terms of the young girl, whom she had known, it appears, from a child. Her father's shop had been opposite, and when her mother died without a relative in the world, the young girl gladly accepted a room in the house of which Madame Carotin was the Cerberus.

"Now you want a wife," said she garrulously; "upon my word, she's the very one to suit you; domestic, hard-working, never idle, a clever needlewoman, one who would make you all your shirts and waistcoats; and when her grief is past, as cheerful as a little bird."

"But my dear Madam Carotin," exclaimed Pierre, smiling, "not a word of this at present. I have not seen enough of Louise to judge of her capacity to make me happy. I have a sort of presentiment we shall like one another, but, for heaven's sake, don't talk any nonsense to her."

"*Motus?* silence," said Madam Carotin, placing the end of her forefinger on one side of her nose, "I know her too well for that. She's as timid as a hare."

"So much the better," replied Pierre Dupont; and with another strong recommendation for silence to the talkative old woman, he lit his candle and went up to bed.

He did not sleep so soundly as usual that night; his thoughts were given to Louise, whom he already felt a deep interest about—a very strong step at this age on the way of love. He rose, however, early, and after calling Louise dressed. They then sallied forth. Pierre proposed an excursion to St. Germain by railway, and Louise gladly acquiesced. So to the railway they went, after breakfasting in the milk shop on coffee, eggs, rolls and butter; a hearty meal apiece for twelve sous, or sixpence. Louise seemed already aroused. Sleep, as Shakspeare has it, truly knits up the ravelled sleeve, of care; but after a time, when the first storm is over, pleasant companionship is always the best antidote against sorrow. Pierre Dupont spoke much of flowers, of country life, of poetry, of lovely scenery, of trees and woods, and its wondrous works, until Louise listened with rapt attention. The young man was happy without any alloy entering into the composition of his happiness, and with a good share of intellect and much reading, his conversation was necessarily interesting, where a much more intellectual and well read man, but full of doubt and care, would have been profoundly dull.

They reached St. Germain about eleven o'clock, and went at once to the terrace which overlooks the river, one of the most beautiful views around Paris; he thence pointed out all the different features of the scenery; after which they turned their steps to the wood. Louise seemed delighted; a faint rosy color came upon her cheeks, and her eyes beamed with intense happiness. Dupont was enraptured and young, ardent impulsive, and thus, toward the afternoon, gave vent to his feelings:

"Pardon, Mademoiselle, my rash and sudden speech, but I never felt so happy before. In fact, my sensations of delight are such to day, that I cannot restrain the expression of a wish that we may spend many such happy hours together again. Mademoiselle, I have long wished to marry, but never before found all that I wanted combined in one person. I do not just now wish to be intrusive, but if I could hope that by and by, at a future time, I might hope—"

"Oh, Monsieur Dupont," cried Louise, with unfeigned surprise," it is impossible that you can love so insignificant, so plain, so inferior a girl as I am. At all events, you know nothing of me."

"Such a day as this is all that is needed to know one so innocent and open-hearted as you are. Mademoiselle, I declare that after the six hours I have since morning spent in your company, I love you warmly, sincerely, deeply; there are affections which spring up in an hour—"

"And die in less," replied Louise, gravely.

"No, Louise; I ask you for no promise save this, that for a whole month you will permit me to see you every day; that occasionally you will be the companion of my walks, and that you will decide—"

"Nay," said Louise, after a few moments' reflection, "I will be candid. I knew last night from your manner, from the tone of your voice, from your looks, what would happen this day; and though surprised an instant at your brusque declaration, I have been half prepared for it since last night, and I, too, seem to have nothing to learn about you. I will not speak of a month, but of three; but if you then really love me, and are unchanged in worthiness, I will then be your wife."

"Proud and happy you have made me, my Louise," said Pierre, much moved.

"Proud!" cried Louise, shaking her head; "no, it is I that should be proud. A poor, useless girl like me, seldom obtains so brilliant a chance as to be the wife of an industrious and steady workman."

Pierre thanked her warmly, and then they walked away from the wood in silence, arm in arm, too happy to speak; for, alone in the world, young, full of sanguine hope, the future all before them, bright sunny sky above and enameled turf beneath, and birds singing around, they were supremely happy under the influence of Love's young dream, the brightest, sweetest dream that life presents to man. Louise scarcely liked to own herself how, a lone orphan, she had been fascinated by the gentle attention of a clever and handsome young man, whose only fault, that she could see, was a little somewhat pardonable—pride at his superior acquirements.

A few days after, they went to Meudon, but this day their mutual affection was unreservedly owned, Pierre having the intense satisfaction of hearing from the young girl's mouth words of love confidence, and which justly made him proud and happy. It was now definitely settled, as they had no parents or relations to consult, that their marriage should take place at the date before alluded to. Prodigious was the delight of Madame Carotin, in part at her own perspicacity, in part at the prospect of Louise having a happy home. She herself undertook to renovate and prepare the small apartment which was to receive the young couple—a task which she fulfilled with immense satisfaction.

About a fortnight before the wedding, Pierre was one day coming home a little earlier than usual from his *atelier*, when he fell in with—it was Monday—a party of jolly fellow workmen, who were toddling toward the barrier to drink.

"Bravo!" cried they, "here is the marrying man. Ah! ah! you are a pretty fellow to give up your liberty at this time of life. A pretty bad example you are setting."

"It is my taste to marry," said Pierre quietly," and I will have no man quarrel with my fancies. You are at liberty to remain single if you like. Good evening."

"Nay, if you are so serious, marry, in God's name. But come, to-day, and let us drink to your happy marriage."

"I would rather not," exclaimed Pierre. Why, are you afraid to go to the barrier of a Monday before you are married! You will be afraid to speak to us by-and by."

"I am not afraid; but my sweetheart expects me. I don't mind, however, one glass."

"We'll just drink a *liter* and you shall go. Come along."

Stupid Pierre Dupont! Are, then, the joys of home, the picture of her bright smiling eyes to greet you, the blessed holy welcome to your hearth of a good wife, the ineffable satisfaction of bearing happiness and light into your humble dwelling when you come at eventide, all as nothing, that you risk all this from the wretched fear of looking afraid, and to drain, with half-drunken companions, the poisoned draught! For such is wine, even water, in such society. Pierre went to the barrier, sat down to drink. He had not dined, and the wine, passing rapidly round, flew to his head. Toast after toast was drunk to the health of the young girl. The workmen, who really liked Pierre Dupont, paid high compliments to his talents and acquirements, and at length, with ease, made him stay to dinner. He drank more and more, not caring how much, now that his brain was inflamed, his eyes on fire and the whole frame fevered; and, at length, sallied forth with his companions to a *gaingette*, or ball. Early next morning Pierre Dupont awoke, his head aching, his tongue parched, and with that particular small opinion of himself which a man feels when he has been intoxicated all night.

"A very nice man you are to be called the prince of lodgers," said Madam Carotin, who was doing some thing in his room; brought home drunk at four o'clock in the morning. Poor Louise she got up at the noise you made when you came in, and has been crying ever since. A brute of a husband you'll make. But get up and go and ask her pardon."

"I cannot see her this morning," said Dupont, turning to the wall with a sense of foolish timidity, which does more harm between man and man, and between those who love, than even more grievous errors. When your ill is reparable, always face those you have injured, own your faults, and be assured you will find more ready for giveness than by keeping out of the way.

"You are a fool,' said Madam Carotin, sententiously, and away she went.

About four o'clock Perrie Dupont went out. He was ashamed to see Louise, he was too ill to work, his head would not permit him to read, and, desperate, he turned his steps once more to the barrier, to obtain fresh excitement from drink. By thus madly returning to the charge, many a man has become a habitual drunkard in a week. Perrie Dupont went home again the next day, with a very indistinct notion of where he had been all night. He lay in bed until twelve o'clock on this occasion, and then, by a great effort, rose to go to his work. On a chair by the side of his bed he found a letter.

It was a letter from Louise.

She firmly declined the honor of his future acquaintance. She could have excused his one night of folly, but not his second deliberate return to such a practice. She thanked him much for his kind attentions toward her, hoped he would allow his good sense to overcome his new weakness, and concluded thus: "It is not in my power conveniently to leave the house for a month; I cannot pay my rent until then, here or at my new residence. But if you make any attempt to see me, I must turn into the streets. I trust to your honor and good feeling."

Pierre stood overcome with grief and sorrow. He knew very well that he had at first failed in his former good habits from mere weakness and inability to contend against temptation, or rather, from a dislike to own that he was averse to go to barrier drinking shops; then he had stayed from vanity when flattered and cajoled; and then he had returned from timidity, rather than own his fault. He now made matters ten times worse; for crushing within himself all his better aspirations and his noble feelings, he returned under the influence of anger and revengeful feelings. For a whole week he abandoned work, and scarcely once returned home. But this could not last. He was not used to such excesses; he fell from one degree of folly to another, and at the end of ten days found himself on a bed of sickness, helpless, almost dying.

"Louise had all this time remained confined to her room. She was pale, thin and ill. But there she sat, bending assiduously over her needle, avoiding all intercourse with any one, but full of courage, firmness and resolution. She had been deceived in Pierre Dupont, and she resolved that no other should ever call her wife; that she would work for herself, and remain an independent woman. One morning she rose early, attracted by loud voices in the next room.

"He must have a nurse day and night, or he must go to the hospital," said a man's voice.

"Let him go to the hospital, the brute," cried madam Carotin. "I'll not nurse him, and I'm sure nobody else will."

"He'll die here," exclaimed the doctor; "he must have medicine every half hour."

A woman's heart heard this, and all the resolutions of Louise faded away. He was ill, he was dying, he wanted a nurse. She despised him that she knew, but all were deserting him save her, and what could she do! Oh, woman's love, well has Scott portrayed thee. Never did Louise, when in the first freshness of her girlish affection, hasten to his side with more alacrity than now. In an instant she was at the door, and then inside his room.

"He shall not go to the hospital," said she quietly;" if he wants nurse, I am ready."

"More shame for you," said Madam Carotin;" he's not worthy of it."

"He is ill, Madam Carotin, and every one else abandons him. He is no longer my affianced husband, I will gladly nurse him."

"Very well spoken young girl," said the cheerful old doctor, "and with your assistance I answer for him, to say nothing of the nice *bouillons* that Madam Carotin will make for him in a day or so.

"Bouillons, indeed! I wish he may get it."

"But now let him be still," said the doctor. "Give him this medicine, every half hour one teaspoonful, and in the afternoon I will return."

"Woman's love! woman's love how bright is thy presence and thy results.—How smooth soon was the pillow of the sick man, how nicely shaded the curtains how comfortable his head, and how regularly was his medicine administered. And there she sat, gazing at his altered face, with unchanged unalterable, undying love.

She gave him a tea-spoonful of his medicine.

"Who is that!" he vainly said, trying to open his eyes.

"It is I, Pierre, your own Louise, your wife, your friend," she replied, quite unable to hide her feelings.

"Leave me!" cried the young workman; "I am not worthy of your affection, of your love. Abandon me to my fate, for I have shamefully sinned against you."

"But what could provoke you to drink so?"

"I do not know, unless it was fear of ridicule. They treated me as if I was a henpecked husband before marriage, and to show I was not, I went."

"Well, you won't do it again, will you?" said Louise kindly.

"Do you forgive me! asked Pierre in a low tone.

"I do."

"Do you love me! he continued more anxiously.

"Pierre, you know I do," she answered, gazing at him with eyes beaming with affection.

"And you will be my wife?"

"If you make haste and get well——"

"Bless you, my own Louise. I vow, gentle girl, that the same shall never happen again. I will have more courage and more resolution——"

"Be yourself, that is all that is needed," replied the young girl in a cheerful tone.

"But my work—what will they think of me at the office!"

"Don't fret about that. I will go there to-morrow morning and say that you have been very ill, and will excuse your absence."

And so she did, and when she came back with a message from the editor, saying that he was not to hurry himself, but get strong and well, he felt happy because this was the natural reward of his former good conduct. With a very clever doctor, a patient and kind nurse, Pierre Dupont soon came round, and though still a little pale and thin, was married on the very day originally fixed. Louise insisting on keeping her promise. The young man soon returned to his work, and having suffered severely for a moment of weakness, took his lesson in good part, and made it influence his future life. Having abandoned the use of strong drink, and renounced his former drinking companions, he found so much joy and happiness in his home, besides his healthy, blooming, and industrious little wife; he found so much genuine delight in pleasures shared in common with the one fitting partner of our joys and sorrows; he looked back with so much deep gratitude to her forgiveness of his follies; his earnest endeavors were always made to promote his interior comfort, and to look first in all things to his wife and family, thus proving himself one of the men who in this world can appreciate the value and merit that rich treasure of Woman's Love.

Women More Secret than we Suppose.—*All the Year Round* promulges a new doctrine on this subject: "We laugh at the woman's tongue, and wonder when a woman keeps a secret; but every true woman keeps a box of choice reserves for her own private indulgence. The man's mysteries are not hers; if he cannot keep them to himself, let him expect them to be blown abroad. Her own secrets of love, of loss, of self-denial, of unsuspected suffering, no woman exposes altogether, even to her nearest friend. There never lived a husband happy in the true love of his wife who fairly knew all the depths of her mind about him. Every man profits stupidly by the wise little perceptions that arise so quietly and have no utterance, except in deeds, of which we vaguely ascribe the fitness to a special faculty called woman's tact. Women, in short, keep to themselves four-fifths of the secrets of society, and do it with a winning air of frankness all their own. A man with a secret will be stony, portentous, or provokingly suggestive, he will keep his mouth shut ostentatiously. A woman is too absolutely secret to set up a public sign over whatever may lie buried in her mind. She gossips, prattles, pours out what she does not care to hold, with such an air of unreserved simplicity that all mankind is mystified, and says, in friendly jest, 'A woman only hides what she don't know.' Among the uneducated poor, this difference between the woman and the man is most conspicuous. The innate powers of her sex place her at once upon an eminence which man can only reach by education. She must needs often be tied to one in whom there is not the grain of understanding requisite to the formation of true sympathy. By far the greater number of the wives of the unskilled laborers and mechanics live more or less happily, and more or less conscious of the hidden life within them, having such a seal upon their minds and hearts."

Industry in Jamaica.—The last number of the London Economist has the following table of the exports from Jamaica of unrefined sugar for the year 1835 to 1859, inclusive. Though the population of that island has increased about one hundred thousand since the act of emancipation, yet the production of one of her main products of industry has fallen off nearly three-fourths since 1835. The cause of that we leave to others for explanation.

Exports of unrefined sugar from Jamaica.

	Pounds.
1835	128,641,120
1840	58,076,592
1845	83,201,104
1849	70,949,648
1854	56,636,808
1859	47,939,600

The exports into Great Britain of unrefined sugar during the following years, were—

	Pounds.
1849	55,605,536
1854	273,200,592
1859	393,140,547

A Thrilling Story.

[The following is an occurrence which actually took place in Vermont some forty years ago. The facts are almost literally related as follows:]

My brother Hiram liked the business of carrying the mail better than I did; and so I went to work in a new clearing I had commenced, about a mile and half from home, and not quite so far from the house of my brother-in-law. I used to stay as often at one place as the other. It was a bad arrangement, as, in case of accident neither family would be alarmed or go to look out for me, if I should not come home. I felt the force of this in the course of the winter, as you will see directly.

There had fallen one of our old-fashioned northern New York snows crusted over hard enough to bear a man. I was getting on famously with my clearing, getting ready to build a house in the spring. I was ambitious and worked early and late, going without my dinner some days, when the bread and meat I had brought in my pocket was frozen so hard that I could not masticate it without taking up to much of my time. One day it was intensely cold with a prospect of a storm that might hinder my work the next day, and so I worke don as long as I could see, and after twilight I felled a tree, which, in its descent, lodged against another. I could not bear the idea of leaving the job half finished; I mounted the almost prostrate body to cut a limb to let it down.

The bole of the tree forked, about forty feet up, into two equal parts, with large projecting limbs from both. It was one of these I had to cut away to bring the tree to the ground. In my haste perhaps I was not so careful as I should have been, at any rate the first blow eased the lodgment, so that the tree began to settle, and I was just going to jump off, when the fork split, and as it did so one foot dropped into the space so that I could not extricate it for the moment, but I felt no alarm, for I knew that I could cut away the tree in a minute, or perhaps draw my foot out of the boot, as the pressure was not severe. At the first blow of the ax the tree took another start, rolled over, and the split closed with all the force of its giant strength, crushing my foot till the very bones were flattened and there I hung suspended, just able to touch the tips of my fingers in the snow with nothing to rest upon for a moment—the air at zero and growing colder—the nearest house a mile away, no friends to feel alarmed at my absence, for one would suppose me safe with the other.

My axe, in its fall, rested upon the snow crust about ten feet off. I did not think how I was to cut myself loose from the body of that great tree, suspended as I was head down and suffering from the rush of disordered blood; but I thought in that keen blade my only hope of life was fixed. Just forward of me grew a slim bush which I thought if I could obtain I would form into a hook by twisting the limbs together and draw the axe within reach.

Although the bush was out of my reach I at last succeeded in getting hold of it by means of a loop which I made by tying my suspenders together. I then drew it toward me and cut it off with my pocket-knife—one of that sort known as 'Barlow knives,' having a single blade about two and a half inches long and three-eighths of an inch wide, with equal form half its length iron and horn; or bone. I succeeded admirably in fashioning my hook and almost felt the handle of the axe within my grasp, so certain was I of success. From the tree that imprisoned me the ground descended rapidly for a dozen rods or more to a little creek. My axe lay upon the brow of the hill. The first movement I made toward twisting the loop of my stick around the handle of my ax so as to draw it within my reach loosened it from its icy rest, and away it went down the hill crushing through the little frost-bitten bushes down upon the ice of a few rods below, and over that into the unfrozen pool with a gurgling sound as if it fell into the water, that seemed to send an icy chill through every vein and artery of my whole body.

Still I had my knife. True, it was a rough surgical instrument, but hope and the love of life gave me strength to climb up by my fastened leg and cut away the boot and stocking, and then with that knife I unjointed my ankle and fell to the ground—my left leg a footless, bleeding stump. The intensity of the cold saved me from bleeding to death. I tore off part of my coat, and with my handkerchief and suspenders managed to bind my leg with a handful of snow and started to crawl home. I succeeded in getting within sight of the house, and then my strength utterly failed me.

I tried my voice in vain, but I could make no one hear. I exerted myself once more and crawled toward the road that I knew Heman must come. It was a painful task, for beside my exhaustion from loss of blood, I was perishing with cold. Just then I heard my brother's stage horn, and the jingle of the bells coming down the hill. I strained my voice to the utmost pitch, but he did not could not hear; but there was another friend—who did hear. Old Hunter, the noble old dog, had insisted on accompanying this trip, and brother said 'Let him go; who knows what good may come of it?' Good did come of it, for his ear was quicker than Heman's and he roused up at the first cry, and as the second reached his ear he leaped out, and in a minute was at the spot where I lay upon the snow. He smelled all round, and I held up my footless leg. Just then the sleigh had got up the hill. Hunter sprang back into the path, barked loudly, and as the horses came up, seized the reins, and would not let go till Heman called a halt. Hunter let go his hold on the horses, jumped back to the sleigh, caught hold of Heman's hand, pulling off the mitten, and away he ran back where I was, and commenced barking furiously; but I heard nothing. The effect upon me when I knew that I was discovered by that faithful old dog, and that he never would desert me, had caused me to faint. My brother knew that Hunter was not at play—that something serious was the matter—and he jumped out of the sleigh and ran after him.

In a little time I was safe at home, the doctor sent for, and my wound properly dressed. I eventually recovered, but was however a cripple for life.

Fault-Finding.—Henry Ward Beecher knows how to enforce practical duty in a style which is not soon forgotten. In a recent sermon he hit with just severity a class numerous in every community:

"The spirit of the passage forbids that we should make the failings of other men a source of amusement to ourselves—and now I am coming to it. I will admit that there is a playful, good-humored kind of *badinage* that is harmless. The reprehension or exposition of a man's faults in a light, genial spirit, is often the best way of telling him of them. I do not, therefore, say that all innocent raillery and good-natured reprehension is to be disallowed. It must be genuine, however, producing good, and not pain. But he that makes the mistakes, the foibles, the faults the misconceptions of men—the ten thousand infelicities of human life—the subject matter of comment, of jest and social enjoyment, and personal amusement, is simply a barbarian. He is not a Christian; he does not belong to that category.

It is one of those things that are monstrous in the sight of God. Could you do it to your children? A mother may tantalize her child; she may frolic with it; she may do a thousand things with it causing it to hover vibrating between a tear and a smile, sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other, just for a moment; but she instantly presses it to her bosom and covers its face with kisses, so that there are no shades left upon its spirits. And there is such a thing as innocent raillery. But to watch to see what is awkward in others; to search out the infirmities of man; to go out like a street-sweeper, or a universal scavenger, to collect the faults and failings of people, to carry these things about as if they were cherries or flowers; throw them out of your bag or pouch, and make them an evening repast or a noon-day meal, or the amusement of a social hour, enlivened by unfeeling criticisms, heartless jests, and cutting sarcasms; to take a man up as you would a chicken, and gnaw his flesh from his very bones, and then lay him down, saying, with fiendish exultation: "There is his skeleton;" this is devilish! You may call it by as many pretty names as you please, but it is devilish! and you will do nothing worse than this when you go to hell, for you may expect to go there if you have such a disposition, and do not change it. Talk about cannibalism!—Cannibals never eat a man till he is dead. They are nearer Christ than you are a great deal."

Marriage of Near Relatives.—The Ohio Legislature has been passing some laws on this subject; and if one-half is true that has been affirmed in regard to cousins inter-marrying, it would seem as if it were the duty of parents and guardians to interfere, and even of all State Legislatures to do what can be done to prevent so injurious a custom. It is said that in Massachusetts, out of seventeen families formed by the marriage of cousins, there were ninety-five children; and in Ohio, in eight hundred and seventy three such families, there were three thousand and nine hundred. It would thus seem that the average number of children is not diminished by such inter-marriages, the Massachusetts statistics giving five and a half children to each such marriage. But out of these ninety-five children, forty-four were idiots, twelve scrofulous, and only thirty-seven in tolerable health; while in Ohio, two thousand four hundred and ninety, out of three thousand nine hundred, were either intellectually or physically defective. In all families, some of the children will be more or less defective; and were careful records made, the proportion of perfectly healthy children would be found smaller than most imagine. But forty-four idiots out of ninety-five children is a proportion, if true, sufficient to startle any one, and to demand some vigorous remedy. The records and inquiries of insane and idiotic asylums might throw much further light on this subject. In one case of double cousins, nine children—all there were—were idiots of the lowest grade. Enough, then, may be demonstrated to make all sensible cousins abstain from marrying. Families, like the opening leaves of a flower, are formed not to grow together, but apart. Friends and guardians, and all who have the confidence of the young ministers and medical attendants, should bear such facts in mind, and exert the full measure of their intelligence and influence to prevent such unions.

Importation of Silks.—Few countries surpass the United States in the consumption of silk goods. The value of silks entered for consumption at the custom house in New York during the last five weeks, amounted to $5,152,871. Dr. Franklin declared that "satins and silks put out kitchen fires." According to the importations this summer, the "kitchen fires" must be in a bad way. Next to silks, a large share of the importations of dry goods is woollens, which in the five weeks named amount to $4,297,592. Cotton fabrics came next, and afterwards flax goods.

A country editor says he has received the following: "stop my paper." "Dear Sir; I looked carefully over your paper for six months for the death of some individual that I was acquainted with, but as not a single soul I care any thing about has dropped off; you will please have my name erased."

The Strongest Man.—As an offset against the strong feats of Dr. Winship, it is stated that a man in England raised three thousand pounds on a piece of paper and carried it out of the kingdom.